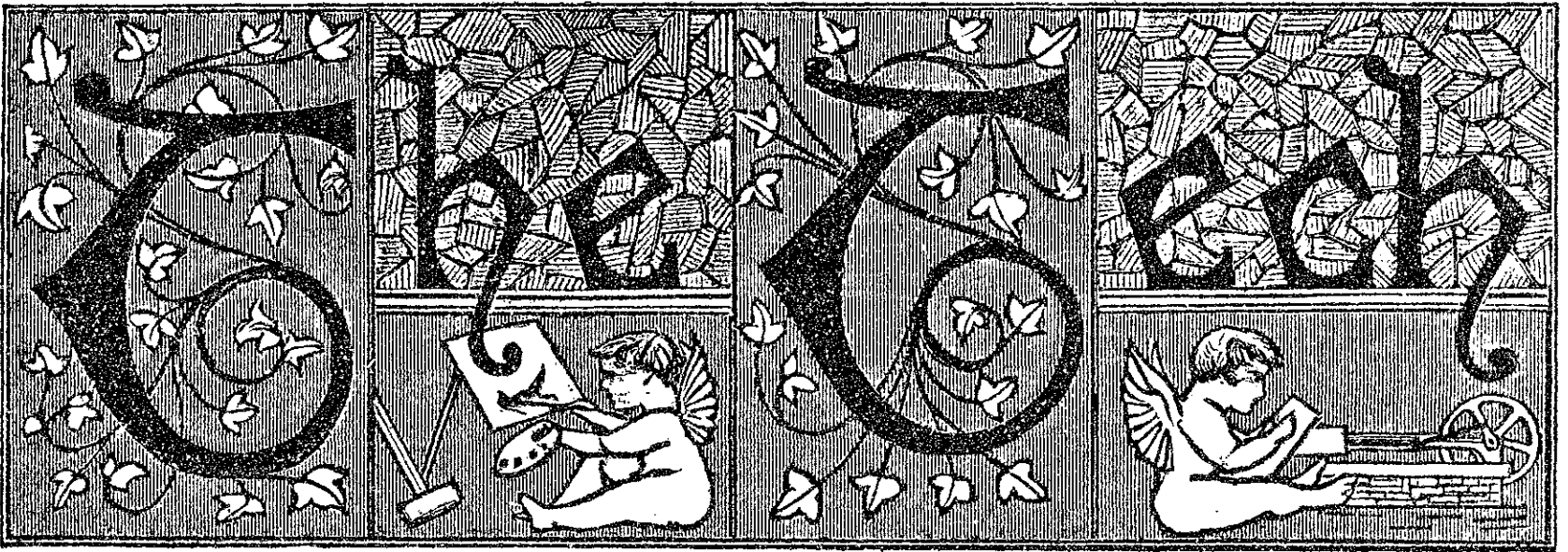
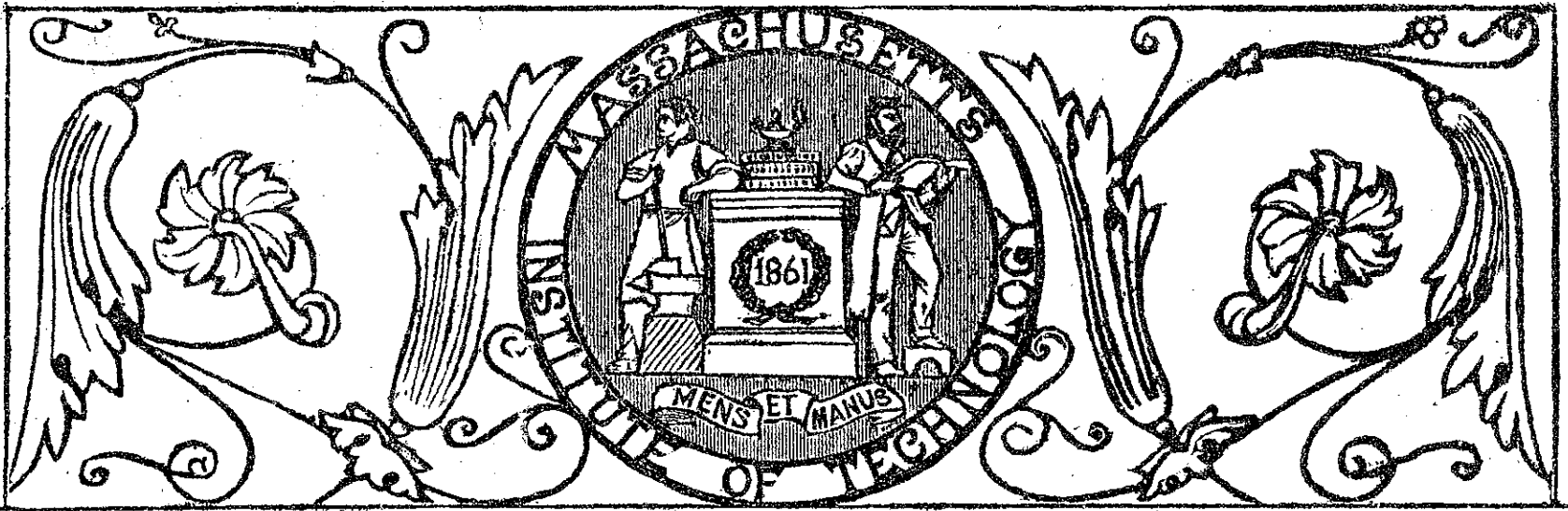


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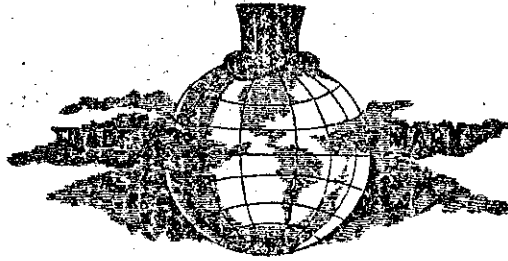


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The Tech.

VOL. VII.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 20, 1887.

NO. 1.

THE TECH.

Published on alternate Thursdays, during the school year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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THE TECH begins the new year with brighter prospects than ever before. Almost the entire Board of last year, including the editor-in-chief, occupy the same positions as during last year; and so the management being in experienced hands, there is every reason to hope that Volume VII. will excel all preceding volumes. Some interest has already been awakened in the Freshman Class, and we have already received some contributions from its members. Besides the Freshman editorship, there are positions on the Board yet to be filled by '89 and '90 men, who we hope will soon step to the front to do their share of work for THE TECH. To all, we would say that short, spicy locals are what is most desired, and which we would be pleased to receive from any one, even if from those who do not wish to try for positions on the Board. It is impossible for the editors to

pick up all the Institute news, and therefore such contributions will be doubly welcome. Our local editor of last year having graduated from the Institute, we are sadly in want of a man to fill his place, and look forward to doing so in the near future with expectation. In regard to our literary articles, short stories covering about two pages of THE TECH are the most acceptable. Cartoons and pictures should be drawn a little larger than the size intended to appear in THE TECH, and in perfectly black ink. All contributions should be signed, and in no case will the contributor's name appear in connection with his article.

WE had hoped to see this year a series of class foot-ball games for the Institute championship; but as nothing has yet been done toward this end, we are afraid it is too late to expect it this year. However, it is to be hoped that there will be a class game between the Sophomores and Freshman, as there was last year, which was a most interesting contest. It is to be regretted that there were no class games this year, as these would certainly have raised the standard of the Institute team, and brought out many new men. As we said last year, the only way to attain this end is for the Foot-Ball Association to offer a prize for the class championship, and so have the matter brought directly before the classes. As the matter now stands, some one has to take the initiative, and none of the classes have as yet done so. It is for the Association to start this scheme, and the duty properly belongs to it.

EIGHTY-NINE'S *Technique* is well under way, and now needs only the active coöperation of the students to assure its success.

We hope that the prize for cover design, offered last spring, has not been forgotten, but that many competitors will insure a large range of ideas from which to select the best. Right here, it might be well to inform those who are ignorant of the fact, that contributions of cuts of all kinds, from cartoons to tail-pieces, will be thankfully received by the editors.

In regard to the nature of the cover design, it will suffice to repeat for the men who have entered this last year, what appeared in last year's TECH, No. 15. "First, use no more than two colors; and, secondly, either let the design embody the aims or pursuits of the Institute, or suggest, in some bright and original manner, the various courses and their paraphernalia."

Any additional information will be given with pleasure by Mr. Mauran, the editor-in-chief, or Mr. Wales, who has charge of the artistic department.

LAST year, directly after the Sophomore-Freshman foot-ball game, the two classes indulged in an impromptu cane rush, which afforded a great deal of amusement to the spectators. It seems to us very probable that if there is another Sophomore-Freshman game this year, that there will be a repetition of this rush, also. We would suggest to the two classes that if this is the case, that they confine the rush to the foot-ball field entirely, and not have the Institute halls filled with a howling mob, as was the case at one time last year, the day after the game. It would also be well, we think, for the two classes to select one or two referees for the rush from the upper classmen, so that it may be officially decided who has won the rush without further bickering when time is called.

PRESENT indications point to a very successful outcome of foot-ball. Eight of last year's team are still with us, ready to begin where they left off, and much of the new material promises well. The game at Andover was

the first real gauge of our strength; and considering the short time the team had been together, we ought to feel encouraged. The men have gone to work with more vim this year than ever before, and the fumbling that marred the Andover game is gradually disappearing, with constant practice. In the game with the Harvard second eleven the tackling seemed weak; but this was undoubtedly due to repeated interference.

Those having charge of collecting subscriptions report very fair success so far, and it is hoped that enough will be realized to pay all the traveling expenses of the team, as well as to provide them with suitable uniforms. Previously the team has had to provide its own uniforms,—a condition of things which surely ought not to exist.

By active work on the part of the management, the grounds have been secured at reduced rates, so that this item of the expense has been considerably reduced.

THE Institute tennis tournament, which in last week, and is not yet finished as we go to press, has been as successful as that of last year. Many of the players have been in several tournaments outside during the past summer, and, as we have mentioned in another column, have all done very well. It seems to us, though, that something might be done very easily to improve the grounds, which, to say the least, are in a miserable condition. Playing on such grounds necessarily makes an alteration in a man's style of play, and cannot fail to injure his playing on other grounds. If, as we hope, it will be possible in the near future for the Tech. to enter the Inter-Collegiate Tennis Association, we ought to have as good grounds to practice on as we can get, in order to be able to make any kind of a showing. We think it would be an excellent idea if matches could be arranged with Harvard and some of the other neighboring colleges, in order to see how close our men could play with outsiders.

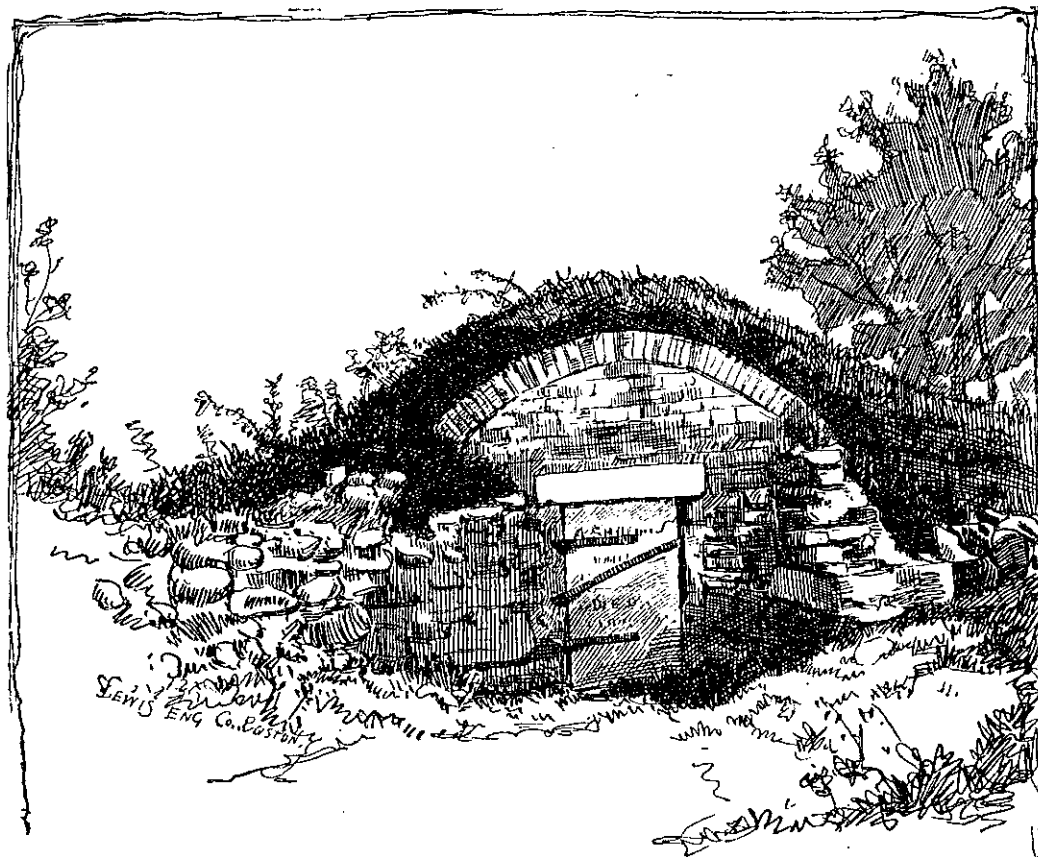
A Ghost Story?

IT was at the close of one of those chilly days we have in the latter part of October, when the clouds come scurrying across the sky, and the wind blows in fitful gusts, tossing the all but bare branches of the trees, and hurrying the leaves here and there in uncertain manner along the road. I had been called to visit a patient living at some distance; and as my horse was a little lame, having met with a slight accident a day or so previous, I decided, rather than to borrow from a neighbor, to answer my call on foot. As there was every appearance of a storm overtaking me before my return, I went prepared. It was dark when I started, and with difficulty I managed to pick my way along the uncertain path.

After having completed about half my journey in this manner, the rain, which had been holding back during the day, decided at last to fall. It was one of

those drenching, misty rains that seem to wet one generally as much with an umbrella as without. The wind had increased in force now, and was blowing "a piping blast," and I began to feel remarkably uncomfortable. But this would soon be over; before me in the distance, I could distinguish a light, which I decided must come from the house in which my patient lived. I hurried on; one more hill to climb, and I should be there. At this point the road ran along through open fields, with now and then a house dark and still, the inmates quietly sleeping, unaware of the raging storm without. A half mile further, with the thought of a comfort-

able fire and a chance to warm myself, made me trudge on at a quicker rate of speed. I watched my beacon-light with longing eyes,—now bright and clear, now hid by some bush or shrub. I had reached the top of the hill by this time, and began to whistle a tune, the light cheering me in spite of the blinding rain. But my musical efforts proved to be short-lived; for to my surprise and wonder the light, instead of proceeding from the right of the road, as it should have done, came from the left. Now, to make matters worse, on the left of the road at this point was a graveyard, in the corner of which, near the fence, was a tomb—one of the old-fashioned kind, built of brick and sod, with grass and vines growing over it. To my horror the light seemed to come from the door of the place; yes, was actually shining through the cracks between the door and the lintel. I have never believed in ghosts or anything of the supernatural or-



der, and would have laughed at any such thing before; but now that matter was entirely different. Here I was alone on a country road, at night, in a storm, with a graveyard looming up in the darkness, and a tomb from which gleamed a ghastly light that fairly stood my hair on end. Involuntarily I came to a halt, and gazed with wide-open eyes into the gloom; my feet seemed rooted to the ground. I am no coward under ordinary circumstances, but this was too much for my nerves. What would happen next? Was I to be the victim of some weird specter, or was I to be permitted to continue on in peace? At that instant, as if in answer to my question,

an unearthly laugh broke forth, apparently from within the tomb; and to add to the terror of the moment a fierce gust of wind, snatching my umbrella, turned it inside out with a bang. The rain beat down on my head, and I was about to rush from the place, when another glance in the direction of the tomb disclosed to me what was worse than all before. The door was thrown violently open, and the sight that met my eyes was one that I never shall forget. As the light shot out into the darkness, the first object that I was able to distinguish proved to be a *man*, roughly clad, and to all appearances a tramp, who, catching sight of my dim outline, was about to beat a hasty retreat, when on second thought, seeing I was but a mortal like himself, he paused, took a good look at me, and then said in a gruff, good-natured sort of way, "Hello, guv'nur! Want a roof, like us, do yer? This here's a rum place, but a mighty good 'un on a night like this. Come inside, won't yer?" My fears had vanished by this time; so I thanked him for his hospitality, and out of curiosity I climbed over the slippery fence, and made my way through the wet grass to where the man was. As the door was low, I stooped down and looked in. There on the floor, at the back of the vault, was another man, his legs spread out, his back against the wall, and before him a flickering candle, some greasy cards, and a gin-bottle. He looked up and grinned as he saw me in my dripping condition. "We're better off than you," said he. "This here's a queer place to lodge, but it's a dry one, anyway." Then they told me how they had sought shelter from the storm, and seeing the tomb, decided that a dry bed would suit them better than a wet one, even if it was in a dead man's house. Having heard the noise caused by the collapse of my umbrella, they decided to investigate, with the result as I have given.

After a few more words with them about ghostly neighbors and such things, I repaired my umbrella as best I could, bade them good-night, and went on my way enjoying the joke, making bold resolves never to be scared so easily again by such vagabond specters. I arrived

at my destination in good time, and related my adventure to the amusement of my patient, who, I found, was none the worse for my delay, and who enjoyed the joke as well as myself.

In a graveyard still,
Was a cold, damp tomb,
Which for years had held its dead;
And had kept its peace with the country round,
That the worms might well be fed.

But a tramp, one night,
For shelter from storm,
Made bold to enter within;
And now that tomb its romance has lost,—
All caused by a flask of gin. P. W. S.

A Tale of Ancient Rome.

OF all species of popular amusement, none appears to have been so favored by the Romans as the exhibitions of the amphitheater; indeed, the extravagant and ferocious delight which such scenes excited might have been perfectly unintelligible in these days but for the histories we have received of pastimes somewhat similar among peoples of modern Europe.

It was to a spectacle of this nature, given by the Emperor Caligula, in the amphitheater of Statitius Taurus, that a Roman noble, Metellus, was conducting a friend of his, Caius Coelius by name, who was in Rome at that time on a visit from the Gallic provinces. They descended the Palatine together, and passing through the magnificent porticoes of the Roman Forum, entered the Via Lata. Here they fell in with a vast throng of citizens, of all ranks, who were pressing on to the scene of amusement. The more wealthy and effeminate were borne in "sellæ;" the rest of the company were on foot. For the space of more than an hour this immense concourse of human beings had been pouring through the street. The slaves, forbidden by the Roman laws from being present at these amusements, were eagerly gazing from the tops and lattices of the neighboring houses upon the multitude as they passed along; every countenance beamed with delight. When the

two friends reached the amphitheater, Metellus repaired without delay to the interior, in order to place his friend as near as possible to the imperial pavilion,—for Caligula designed to preside in person. The arena was occupied by a host of naked barbarians, who, drawn up in bands on opposite sides of the podium, were awaiting, with amazing indifference, the moment that was destined to lay most of them in a bloody grave. A promiscuous crowd of plebeians, seated on the upper benches of the building, were measuring out their expressions of approbation or contempt for the different nobles who entered at every moment to take their places.

“Are these indications of public feeling to be considered as much the test of merit now as in the days of Cicero, do you think?” asked Cœlius of his friend.

“You shall judge,” replied Metellus. “You marked that tall senator, whose appearance was hailed with such idle tumult,—I mean the man now standing with his arms folded; that is Protegenes, the direst villain, save one, in the Roman Empire; and you will soon perceive that the distinguished exception I allude to, the man who never permitted a more meritorious deed than the murder of his uncle and benefactor, is a prodigious favorite with these ragged brawlers.”

“Hush!” exclaimed Cœlius; “you mean Caligula; they are gathering around us, and will hear.”

By this time the capacious body of the amphitheater was intensely crowded, and presented one vast horizon of human beings, ascending in regular gradations. The emperor's presence was alone required for the work of death to begin. His approach was soon announced. A body of lictors entered, and clearing the avenue to the imperial canopy, called out, “Room! room! give room to the emperor!” Caligula appeared. As had been predicted by Metellus, a burst of thundering applause followed, and all ranks and orders of spectators rose to do him honor. Caligula was of a tall, awkward, and ungainly

figure, approaching in some degree to corpulency, at the same time a singular emaciation was visible in his face; indeed, the hollowness of his temples, his deeply sunken eyes, a forehead distorted with wrinkles and destitute of hair, communicated to him the semblance of a man worn out with illness or excess, and assailed before his time with the infirmities of age.

He advanced amid reiterated acclamations, leaning on the shoulder of his favorite sister, Drusilla. Several ladies and senators followed in their train. Caligula threw himself carelessly on the couch prepared for him, and without waiting till his retinue was disposed around him, gave the signal for commencing the sanguinary festivity.

Every one now gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the spectacle, which was similar to the rest of the gladiatorial sports of that day. Suddenly the attention of the whole assembly was attracted by the loud and angry accents of Caligula. It appeared that the tyrant, having taken offense at some criticisms passed by Proculus, a Roman knight, upon his gladiators, was insisting upon his putting their excellence to trial by descending into the arena and contending with them. Proculus hesitated. The Batavian guards of the emperor, long accustomed to his wanton and extravagant purposes, approached, to enforce obedience. Cœlius gazed on the whole scene with astonishment; but his astonishment was increased when he observed that the people, instead of testifying any indignation at this outrage, received the command of the despot with delight and enthusiasm. Powerless to oppose, and hopeless of diverting the savage purpose of his master, the Roman submitted to his fate, and descended to the blood-stained sand. He had been furnished only with a sword, but he had wrapped his cloak round his left arm to serve as a buckler. The general combat had terminated, and wretches trained and exercised for single encounter were the next objects of popular diversion. A gladiator was soon turned upon Proculus to destroy him; but the knight was a wary

and expert swordsman, and instead of falling an instant victim, as was expected, to the superior skill of the barbarian, he received him with a coolness that bordered on contempt. A few blows were given and parried on both sides; and then the gladiator was struck, mortally wounded, to the earth. Considerable applause followed; and the people seemed now interested in the safety of the man they had just before so eagerly concurred to destroy. As the bloody hook dragged away the dying wretch to the spoliarium, or charnel-house, a second gladiator sprang forth. The new combatant, evidently presuming on his skill in arms, rushed upon Proculus with the confidence of a wild beast upon its prey. But he had miscalculated his undertaking; the rapid sword of the Roman instantly transfixed his body, and he fell, with a hideous scream, upon the sand. All the spectators, but especially those of the lower orders, appeared now personally participating in the triumph of their countryman; and some, bolder than the rest, called out that he should be released. All eyes were bent upon Caligula, as if to read in his countenance the fate of Proculus. The tyrant's features were unusually calm and passionless. He conversed an instant with one of his guard: the soldier left his presence, and disappeared from public view. Conjectures were various as to the nature of the mission, but a few moments explained all. An old and well-know Dacian, who had been liberated on account of his wonderful success in gladiatorial shows, appeared on the theater of destruction. At this sight the populace vented their feelings in a general burst of indignation. But there was little time for commiseration; Caligula called his champion to begin. The two combatants were probably equally matched. The gladiator was superior in the skillful exercise of his weapon, but his adversary surpassed him in strength and agility. They approached amid the deepest silence of the spectators. The rapidity with which their blows were interchanged made it extremely difficult for the eye to judge of their execution. At last it was evident, from the blood that poured down the side of the

barbarian, that he had been severely wounded; but the combat was still courageously sustained. Suddenly the sword of the Roman broke short off at the handle, and the unusual groan that followed showed how assured his fate was disposed of in the minds of the beholders. But Proculus, with admirable address, received his adversary's next stroke upon his temporary shield, and rushing forward at the same time, he grappled on him with the force and energy of despair. Both men came to the ground, and lost their weapons. It was then that the strength of the Roman prevailed over an aged and wounded enemy. After a short struggle he liberated himself from the dying grasp of the barbarian, and rose up a third time victor. Nothing could surpass the joy manifested in the amphitheater after this hard-won victory. Proculus alone appeared indifferent. He took up the sword of his fallen enemy, and stood still, awaiting a new assailant. The populace at first saluted him with the title of emperor, as they used to do their generals after a victory, and showered palms and garlands at his feet. But their plaudits soon subsided, for every one felt that the hero's fate was undecided. Caligula rose to depart, but before he quitted the scene, as if to leave a terrible example of his power and barbarity, he commanded that Proculus should be disarmed and thrown to the wild beasts in the caverns of the amphitheater. Dreadful as Caligula had become, this order was received with the most open expressions of disgust; and men's minds kindling from mutual sympathy, some persons boldly interceded for the life of the intrepid victor.

"I tell you that he dies!" exclaimed Caligula, his countenance assuming an aspect scarcely human, with rage and ferocity. "Must I be bearded, and crossed, and questioned by slaves who should obey me? Get hence!" Then raising his eyes to the opposite galleries, he added: "I'll quell these shouts another day, or more Romans shall fight in the arena. I want not approbation from you, but obedience."

With this expression he signed to his guards, and retired.

ALBION.

Along the Lazy Belt.

DOWN in Southern Ohio, not far from the West Virginia line, is a tract of country inhabited by families who in past time have wandered westward from the "Old Dominion." The country, from certain characteristics of its inhabitants, has been named by its northern neighbors "The Lazy Belt." The region is quite rough—narrow fertile valleys being inclosed between steep ridges rising three hundred to four hundred feet above the level of the alluvial plains. These ridges, or steep hills, run tortuous courses, branching here and there in the most unexpected and bewildering manner. The crests of the ridges, though often very narrow, are approximately flat, and on them have been made with little labor the roads of the country. Thus, though nearly level and easily made, the roads follow all the windings of the summits, and in a most aggravating way twist and turn toward every point of the compass.

To go by road from a house on one hilltop to another house in plain sight across the narrow valley, requires sometimes miles of traveling. But it is said of the true native, that he never cuts across lots, but goes by the road. It is true he takes more time; but what of that? The exertion for any one moment is far less than in descending and climbing the hill-slopes; and time is no object!

The houses, to a stranger viewing them from a distance, seem well built and comfortable,—quite out of keeping with the reputation of the people. Nearer inspection, however, shows many drawbacks. The building in many cases was apparently planned for a commodious farmhouse; but the energy or means of the owner fell far short of his wishes, and the house stands, perhaps, partly clapboarded, with portions of weather-beaten staging clinging to the sides and roof. Around the front side of the house, whose unfinished appearance hints that a portico was to have been, or may yet be built, are scattered odds and ends of rotting lumber, stones, farm tools, tin cans, and broken crockery. Close by the door is a redolent pool, supplied

with water by the overflow of the drinking-trough, and the libations tossed from door or window by the good housewife at various times during the day. Here the families of ducks and geese love to linger, hunting for rich morsels, and with their competitors, the pigs, watch about meal-times for choice bits to come flying from the open window. Sometimes hens, pigs, and goats may be seen going in and out of the front door with the children, apparently as much at home as the rest of the family.

Inside, the house below stairs may be nearly finished; the family, however, seem to prefer to live in one big room, and leave the rest of the house for playground, storage for old furniture and bits of harness, and as clutter-room generally. The father of the family is typically a tall, hollow-chested, and round-shouldered man, whose salient points are a bristling beard, blue overalls, and tall cowhide boots when in the tobacco-fields. He would probably prefer to go barefoot at all times, but confesses to an innate dread of stepping on snakes when away from his door-yard.

The mother is also rather thin and lank. She goes about her work clad in a tattered calico dress, barefooted, and her head concealed by a large, flapping sun-bonnet, from whose depths occasionally issue commands in a high, sharp tone to the various members of the family; she alone seeming not to be wholly given over to inertia.

The very speech of the natives reflects their indolence of mind; they seldom make a precise statement, but rather leave their meaning to be inferred. Oddly enough, their one phrase which does duty to express number, size, and quality is "right smart."

"Wa'al, stranger, it might be five miles to the next taven, and it meb-be more; I reckon you'll find it a *right smart* way." "Yes, I got a *right smart* o' boys and girls; more'n I can look arter." "I reckon there will be a *right smart* o' tobacco this year."

The cause of this degeneration of the inhabitants, of their apparent listlessness and poverty, may be traced, if such a contradiction of things

can be true, to the richness of the country,—to the way in which its riches in fossil fuel have been misused and wasted. Its hills are underlain with several coal-beds of moderate value, which if they could have been slowly and carefully mined in a small way, would have supplied local industries for many years. But speculation stepped in; land rose in price to fictitious values. Great sums were spent in equipping the mines so that they could be worked on a large scale, and in building a railroad to carry the coal to distant markets. When all was ready for a great output, it was found that the coal, while suitable for many purposes, was too tender to be carried long distances, and in quality could not compete with the purer Pennsylvania coals. Then the mines were abandoned, the machinery fell to pieces, and those of the inhabitants who had not sold out and moved away during the time of excitement, lapsed into the indifference that follows such great disappointment. At another time, when oil had been discovered in the country, the fever of speculation raged again through this land; and again visions of wealth to be had without labor danced before the eyes of the land-owners. Some farms were sold for fabulous prices, and immediately every person's price went up. A well was drilled, and a little oil was found, with quantities of gas. At this time gas was despised, and considered a nuisance, and even injury. The well was abandoned, and prices of land fell flat.

The apparent ease with which fortunes might have been made by all, and were made by one or two, seems to have completely taken away any ambition which these people may have formerly had. The farms have gone to waste, and the men cannot go back to the hard labor, but try to get along in the easiest manner.

The favorite topic of conversation at the cross-roads store, the senate house of the surrounding country, is of the great mineral wealth hidden below the farms. According to the wise heads, the coal mines were not properly opened, the best coal is still untouched, the oil well was not deep enough, and great lakes of oil are deep down, awaiting the fortunate adventurer. The

years wear away, but still the capitalist refuses to be made richer by investing there; but the natives still live on their hopes, and wait patiently for something to turn up.

Noticeable Articles.

A GLANCE at the contents of the pile of periodicals that has accumulated during the vacation will be enough to show how indispensable to the students of politics, history, and literature these magazines have become. They are nowadays repositories for some of the best thought of the best thinkers of the day, and the recognized mediums of communication between students and scholars and the reading public on questions of living interest in every department of thought; and while it would certainly be a very superficial way of studying such questions to confine one's reading to periodical literature alone, it may safely be said, on the other hand, that no real student can get along without it, unless he is willing to remain ignorant of what other students—and among them most of the ablest scholars of the day—are doing and thinking. Whoever would convince himself of the vast improvement which has taken place in periodical writing, and realize the importance of its position nowadays, has only to take down from the dusty shelves of some great library some of the queer old volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine* or the *London Magazine* of a hundred years ago, or even a volume of *Edinburgh* or the *Quarterly* or *Blackwood's* of three quarters of a century ago, when the new era began.

It would take quite too much space to give anything like a full account of the vacation numbers of all the best periodicals, English and American. I must confine my present notice to a few that lie on my table, and these chance to be numbers of the three English monthly reviews, and some numbers of *Macmillan's* which seems to me the best of the *un-illustrated* magazines. Of course Politics and the interminable Irish Question take a prominent place in all the English reviews, and the reader will find the most various opinions on the present political crisis. In the *Fortnightly* for July is a paper on "Home Affairs and a National Party"; in the number for August a paper on the "Material Progress of Ireland," by the well-known economist, Prof. Leone Levi,—a paper which will somewhat astonish

those readers who think only of Ireland as a country of paupers and beggars. In the great Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester, which I visited this summer, the Irish department was one of the most remarkable, although I was informed on good Irish authority that the Parnellites had done all in their power to discourage it. A recent *Parliamentary Return* has shown unmistakably that the accumulations in Irish banks, and especially in savings banks, post-office banks, and others that represent the savings of the poorer classes, have been relatively greater during the past few years than those in England itself, though it is by no means for the interest of Irish agitators that such facts should be known.

The subject of Ireland may be followed up in the *Contemporary* for August in "Irish Alternatives," by Lord Thring, and in the interesting "Experiences of an Irish Landowner," who in this case is a lady; in "A Fair Constitution for Ireland" in the *Nineteenth Century* for August, by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, an Irish Statesman whose opinion is of real value; in "American Opinion on the Irish Question," in the same number, by E. L. Godkin, editor of the *New York Nation*, who is an Irishman, and in Mr. Matthew Arnold's "From Easter to August," in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, where the writer reviews the course of English politics during that period, and incidentally replies to Mr. Godkin. Mr. Arnold's paper is marked with some of his not altogether gracious peculiarities; but to me, who have been spending part of my summer vacation this year in England, as I also did last year, and who have been all the time a diligent reader of English papers, this article seems particularly valuable. One of Mr. Arnold's statements seems to me true beyond question, that "whether the Liberal Unionists live or die, they have at any rate rendered to their country this signal service—they have compelled the abandonment and disappearance of the Gladstonian plan of Home Rule, . . . converted it from a most dangerous to a comparatively safe one." And nothing is plainer, it seems to me, than English loss of confidence in Mr. Gladstone as a statesman, in consequence of his so openly joining and abetting the violent Irish party. In defeating his scheme the Liberal Unionists have been playing the part, and doing the work, of the opponents of secession in this country; and Mr. Gladstone's scheme is getting to

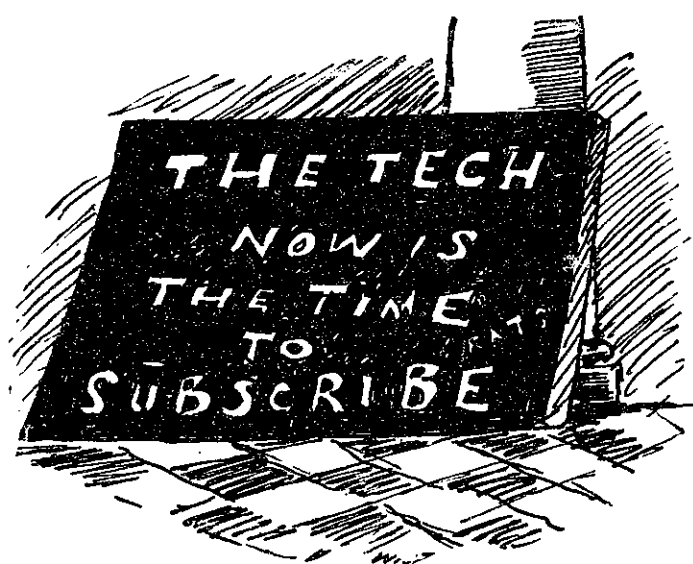
be more and more looked upon, not as the work of a wise and far-seeing statesman, but as the reckless bid for power of a headstrong and ambitious politician, who, as was truly said by one who had but too good reason to know him well, "can persuade most people of most things, but above all can persuade himself of anything."

The Liberals will, doubtless, sooner or later, return to power, though it does not seem to me probable that Mr. Gladstone will ever again be Prime Minister, and England, Scotland, and Wales, as well as Ireland, will acquire, in some form, a new measure of local self-government; but Home Rule as meaning Irish independence, or as meaning something different from Scotch self-government, or the self-government of Kent or Cornwall, is dead. England is no more tolerant of disunion than America.

There is a striking paper in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, entitled, "A German View of Mr. Gladstone," by Theodor von Bunsen, doubtless a son of the famous scholar and statesman who was for so many years German Ambassador to England.

English Politics have occupied so much space that I must reserve Literature and American magazines for another number.

W. P. A.



THE OPENING OF THE CHESTNUT BURR.

The Technology eleven defeated Boston University in two 20-minute innings, October 17th, on the Union Grounds, by a score of 21-0. Mr. Kelly, of the Harvard Medical School, was referee.



Andover vs. Technology.

PLAY began at 3.45 P. M., Tech. having the kick-off, and playing up-hill. Herrick passed to Vorce, who made a short rush. Herrick then threw to Duane, who went right through the Andover rush-line, but was stopped after he had made a good rush. The ball was then passed to Macaulay, at the end of the rush-line, who carried it across the goal-line, scoring the first touch-down for Technology in two minutes. Duane kicked a goal. During the rest of the game neither side scored, although the ball was in Andover's territory most of the time. Two touch-downs were claimed by Tech., which the referee would not allow. An Andover rusher was disqualified for slugging Vorce, and another was injured. In the last part of the half, the ball being in Tech.'s territory and time almost up, Herrick ran back with the ball; an Andover rusher, following him up rapidly, ran into him, and then struck him. He was promptly disqualified. The Andover captain then refused to play the second half unless this decision was reversed and a new referee chosen. Herrick refused to agree to this, and the game was stopped. Score: Tech., 6; Andover, 0.

The referee was Mr. Kelly, of the Harvard Medical School. The game was played at Andover, October 8th.

Harvard vs. Technology.

A PRACTICE game of foot-ball was played on the Union Grounds, Wednesday, the 12th inst., between Harvard and Technology. Harvard presented a second eleven, the regular team playing at Exeter. Mr. Brooks, of Harvard Medical, and captain of last year's 'Varsity eleven, was referee.

The players were—Harvard: rushers, Slocum, Appleton, Trafford, Horne, Brainard,

Bradlee, and Bancroft (capt.); quarter-back, Nichols; halves, Perry and Hunnewell; full-back, Higginson.

Tech.: rushers, Vorce, Tracy, Roberts, Mitchell, Ladd, Duane, Macaulay; quarter-back, Herrick (capt.); half-backs, Garrison and Germer; full-back, Devens.

Harvard had the kick-off, at 3.35 P. M., and in five minutes rushed the ball over the line, making a touch-down, from which no goal was kicked. The wind being favorable, Tech. played a kicking game, and on a muff by one of Harvard's backs, Germer got the ball and made a touch-down. Garrison kicked a goal. On the kick-off Harvard rushed the ball towards Tech.'s goal, and on trying to force it over, the Harvard quarter-back was injured, Clements taking his place. Tech. got the ball on four downs, and a good kick by Garrison sent it out of our territory. Brainard was disqualified about this time for striking Ladd. On Harvard's fumble of Garrison's long punt, Macaulay secured the ball, and made a touch-down. Time was called, however, before a goal could be kicked, the innings being a half-hour long. In the second half, Tech. had the kick-off at 4.20, but lost the ball soon. Harvard scored presently on Tech.'s muff, but failed in a try for goal. A muff by Garrison of a pass by Herrick gave Harvard another touch-down, but no goal resulted. The ball was in Tech's territory nearly all the remainder of the inning, but no more points were scored by either side. Especially noteworthy in the play of our eleven were Garrison's kicking, Vorce's tackling, and the hard, steady work of Tracy and Ladd. Score: Harvard, 3 touch-downs—12; Tech., 2 touch-downs, 1 goal—10.

Harvard vs. Technology.

THE Tech. eleven played the Harvard University team, October 15th, on Jarvis field, and were badly defeated. Play began at 3.15, Harvard having the kick-off. The players were,—Harvard: rushers, Cumnock, Bradlee, Wood (capt.), Morse, Woodman, Butler, Bancroft; quarter-back, Harding; halves, Saxe and Por-

ter; back, Sears. Technology: rushers, Vorce, Willard, Mitchell, Roberts, Hamilton, Dame, Herrick; quarter-back, Ellis; halves, Duane and Germer; back, Devens. Tech. played with four substitutes, and showed up very poorly. Ellis seemed to lose his head entirely, and as our rush-line was too light to hold the Harvard men, it was but slight advantage for our men to have the ball. During the first half, Harvard scored 6 touch-downs, and kicked 5 goals, and Tech. made one safety. Vorce was disqualified this half for foul tackling, but was re-instated in the next half. During the next half, Herrick played in his regular position, Devens playing half-back, and Highlands, full-back,—Germer, retiring from the field. The men did much better, but were unable to make headway against the Harvard team. The final score was: Harvard, 11 touch-downs, 7 goals; Tech., 1 safety,—60 to 0. Mr. Fiske, Harvard, '86, refereed, and Ladd, '88, of Tech., watched for foul tackling and slugging.

Foot-ball Meeting.

THE Eastern Intercollegiate Foot-ball Association met at Springfield, October 5th. Delegates were present from Trinity, Stevens, Dartmouth, Amherst, and Technology. Brown was expelled for non-representation, and Williams was refused admission. The schedule of games was arranged as follows, each club playing one game with each other club:—

October 25th, Dartmouth *vs.* Stevens, at Hoboken.

October 26th, Dartmouth *vs.* Technology, at Boston.

October 29th, Amherst *vs.* Trinity, at Hartford.

November 2d, Amherst *vs.* Dartmouth, at Hanover.

November 5th, Stevens *vs.* Amherst, at Amherst.

November 12th, Stevens *vs.* Trinity, at Hartford.

November 12th, Technology *vs.* Amherst, at Amherst.

November 19th, Trinity *vs.* Dartmouth, at Hanover.

November 19th, Technology *vs.* Stevens, at Hoboken.

What '87 Is Doing.

G. A. ARMINGTON.—Instructor in mechanical engineering at the Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio.

WM. B. BLAKE.—In engineer department of Jeffersonville, Madison, and Indianapolis Railroad, Louisville, Ky.

W. C. BRACE.—Assayer with Pueblo Smelting and Refining Co., Pueblo, Col.

H. F. BRYANT.—With A. H. French, C. E., Brookline, Mass.

F. G. BURGESS.—With Southern Pacific Railroad Co., San Francisco, Cal.

F. D. CARNEY.—With Pennsylvania Steel Co., Steelton, Pa.

H. J. CONANT.—With Thomson-Houston Electric Lighting Co., West Lynn, Mass.

HELEN COOLEY.—Assistant Chemist at Pacific Mills, Lawrence, Mass.

R. E. CURTISS.—Assistant in mechanical engineering, M. I. T.

W. C. CUSHING.—On engineer corps Jeffersonville, Madison, and Indianapolis Railroad, Louisville, Ky.

W. C. FISH.—With the Thomson Electric Welding Co., Lynn, Mass.

J. M. FOX.—Assistant at the M. I. T.

J. B. GAY.—With Allen & Kenway, Architects, Boston, Mass.

W. H. GLEASON.—With W. Gleason & Co., Boston, Mass.

W. S. HADAWAY.—With Thomson-Houston Electric Co., Lynn, Mass.

W. O. HILDREDTH.—Assistant at M. I. T.

J. C. HOBART.—With Jas. L. Haven & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

OREN S. HUSSEY.—Wamesit Water Power Co., Lowell, Mass.

W. D. LIVERMORE.—Silver Springs Bleaching and Dyeing Co., Providence, R. I.

- P. A. MOSSMAN.—Assistant in laboratory of Joliet Steel Co., Joliet, Ill.
- S. P. MULLIKEN.—Assistant in chemistry at the University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- G. L. NORRIS.—Assistant Chemist at North Chicago Rolling Mill Co., Chicago, Ill.
- G. W. PATTERSON.—Assistant in mathematics, M. I. T.
- H. A. RICHARDSON.—Analyses the water supplies of Massachusetts for the State Board of Health, Boston, Mass.
- QUINTARD PETERS.—Gentleman of leisure, Atlanta, Ga.
- FRANZ H. SCHWARZ.—Draughtsman at the Lower Pacific Mills, Lawrence, Mass.
- F. E. SHEPARD.—Boston & Albany Locomotive Works, Boston, Mass.
- C. P. SMITH.—With C. B. Rogers & Co., manufacturers of wood-working machinery, Norwich, Conn.
- H. E. SMITH.—Assistant to Prof. L. M. Norton, M. I. T.
- J. W. SMITH.—Assistant Engineer in Hydraulic Department of Holyoke Water Power Co.
- H. SOUTHER.—Student at Freiberg, Germany.
- H. C. SPAULDING.—With Thomson-Houston Electric Co., Lynn, Mass.
- J. H. STANWOOD.—With "Philadelphia Bridge Works," Pottstown, Pa.
- GILES TAINTOR.—With Electrical Accumulator Co., New York, N. Y.
- E. G. THOMAS.—Draughtsman to Ames Manufacturing Co., Chicopee, Mass.
- F. THOMPSON.—Designing Department Keystone Bridge Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- W. S. THOMPSON.—Draughtsman, Lincoln, Neb.
- RALPH VOSE.—Assistant Electrician with Bergmann & Co., New York, N. Y.
- GRANGER WHITNEY.—With Pennsylvania Steel Co., Steelton, Pa.
- W. A. WHITNEY.—Manager Coburn Water-Power Co., Skowhegan, Me.
- H. A. WILCOX.—With Joliet Steel Co., Joliet, Ill.



'90 has a co-ed taking shopwork.

Mr. Babbit is the new instructor in German.

Mr. Jas. T. Greeley, '88, has returned to the Institute.

The Bicycle Club made a run to Wellesley on the 15th inst.

The Book Exchange has been in successful operation this fall.

Mr. E. C. Means, '88, is with the Low Moor Iron Co., Virginia.

F. H. Noyes is instructor of Mechanical Engineering at Cornell.

An investigating '91 man announces his discovery of oxide of charcoal.

The 2 G Society held its first meeting Wednesday, October 12th.

The '88 Miners take very kindly to the rapid methods of chemical analysis.

Twenty-seven men in '88 took the condition examination in Applied Mechanics.

Mr. E. B. Homer, '85, takes Mr. O'Grady's place as instructor in Architecture.

Many remarked how like Beecher of Yale, the little Andover half-back was.

A chemical storage vault is being built out from underneath Kidder Building.

The Senior Class is working by sections in the applied Mechanics laboratory.

In a practice game on the Union Grounds, last week, Tech. beat Dorchester 14 to 0.

The *Quarterly* has been very fortunate, and at present its financial success seems assured.

Of last year's eleven, Taintor, Fish, Bartlett, Kimball, and Dearborn have left the Institute.

Mr. N. Q. Stewart, '87, is with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad Co., at Chicago.

Certain of '87's graduates are happy. They can now ride in that elevator in the new building.

Messrs. Sprague and Patterson, of '87, are back at the Institute, as members of the corps of instructors.

A Freshman co-ed asked at the supply-room, a few days since, for a hood, remarking that hers was at home.

They say that Messrs. Hills and Poland, of '90, found a "soft snap" at Andover. How about that, boys!

It is said that the Worcester Tech. intends entering a tug-of-war team at the open meeting of our Athletic Club this winter.

Williams was refused admission to the foot-ball league this fall, and Brown was expelled for non-representation at the convention.

With the large number of men in the Freshman Class, we think we can reasonably expect to find some good material for TECH editors.

Messrs. Dempsey, '88, Herrick, '88, and Durfee, '89, were the Technology delegates to the recent foot-ball convention at Springfield.

Mr. R. M. Fay has left the Institute lately to accept a business opportunity in Chicago. He will be missed in musical circles at the Tech.

At a recent meeting of the editors of the *Quarterly*, W. E. Mott, '88, was elected editor-in-chief, and W. L. Harris, '88, Secretary of the Board.

Professor Richards is giving the second year Miners a course in blowpipe silver assaying. This is a new subject this year in the Mining course.

Professor Atkinson will still continue to furnish the "Noticeable Articles" for THE TECH, and Professor Norton the list of M. I. T. Publications.

The Hammer and Tongs Club has enlarged its eligible list, so that now, members of all courses in the three upper classes are eligible for membership.

Over a hundred men accompanied the eleven to Andover. Such spirit is to be praised, and the support thus given the team cannot fail to keep up its spirits.

Miss O'Grady, '85, after a highly successful experience as a teacher of elementary science, has been appointed to the fellowship in Biology at Bryn Mawr College.

The Lowell Institute will give, this winter, a free course of assaying, in the assaying laboratory of the Tech., beginning November 12th, every Saturday afternoon.

The voice of the subscription fiend now makes itself heard throughout the land, and his path may be traced by the empty pockets of those whom he has fleeced.

The Tech. eleven will play two championship games in Boston, and two away from home this year. Each team in the league plays one game with each other team.

The '88 Miners have been doing preliminary work in the Mining laboratory, preparatory to the taking up of their thesis work, which last will not begin until after Thanksgiving.

The first meeting of the Society of Arts was held at the Institute, on October 13th. Mr. Tatui Baba, of Japan, read a paper on "The Arms and Armor of Ancient Japan."

The Senior Biologicals made a trip to Wood's Holl, a short while ago, for the purpose of inspecting the results of the labor of the United States Fish Commission stationed there.

Several of the Senior Miners recently went to North Adams and inspected the limestone quarries there. They also visited and went through the Davis Pyrite Mine, at Rowe, Mass.

Our base-ball team still holds a clear title to the name of "The Bijou Team." Its unfortunate failures are, however, partially redeemed by the list of victories of last year's Freshman nine.

One thing which struck the Tech. boys at Andover, was the seemingly inexhaustible number of Andover cheers. We think ourselves well off with two, but Andover must have many more than that.

Several good foot-ball men have shown up in '91. It is to be hoped that there will be a class game between '90 and '91, even if it becomes impossible to inaugurate a series of games between all the classes.

The eleven has begun work earlier this year, profiting by their previous experience. As a result of three days' practice, they can show a victory over Andover, whose team has been practicing for several weeks.

The "quiet" reading-room is at last worthy of its name. An office has been fitted up in one corner, in which there is always some instructor. "And now peace reigns in the halls, where turbid violence once had its sway."

Mr. Francis Goodhue, of last year's eleven, who was obliged to leave the Institute on account of illness, has returned to the Institute. Owing to an injury to his knee, it is uncertain whether he will be able to play on the team this year or not.

The Tech. Coöperative Society is getting famous. It recently received a letter from the officials of Christ Church, Oxford, England, asking for a copy of the constitution and by-laws, in order to use them as a basis for forming a similiar society there.

Mr. J. L. Mauran, '89, will be temporarily obliged to sever his connection with THE TECH. After the publication of *Technique*, he will resume his duties on THE TECH. His name will still appear on the list of TECH editors, as his resignation is only temporary.

The Society of '90 has elected the following officers for 1887-88: President, R. G. Brown; Vice-Presidents, W. B. Poland and J. H. Towne; Secretary, E. B. Stearns; Executive Committee, H. B. Roberts, C. E. Ripley, G. W. Calkins, W. L. Cuden. The monthly dinner will be held the latter part of this month.

Room 14, Kidder Building, has undergone many changes. It has been split up into several small rooms and a drawing-room, separated from each other by window-frame partitions, and is now occupied by the Senior Civils. The

room which they formerly occupied has been given up to the Architects.

The Society of '88 held its first meeting at the Tremont House, October 7th. About twenty-five men were present, and the following officers were elected: G. U. G. Holman, President; J. C. T. Baldwin, Vice-President; Benjamin Buttolph, Sec.; W. T. Keough, Treas.; and L. A. Ferguson, A. T. Bradley, and H. J. Horn, entertainment committee.

The annual meeting of the Class of '89 was held October 8th. R. L. Russell was elected President; G. M. Basford, Vice-President; W. H. Merrill, Secretary; S. Bartlett, Treasurer; the above and Messrs. Thurber, French, Hazard, Ayer, and Ranno, Executive Committee. Mr. Basford was elected director of the Co-operative Society for his class.

The Society of '87 held a reunion the evening of October 7th, at Young's Hotel. Over thirty members were present, and a very pleasant evening passed. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, T. W. Sprague; Vice-President, G. W. Davenport; Secretary, G. F. Curtiss; Treasurer, W. L. Harris; Directors, F. E. Shepard, H. C. Spaulding, and Y. W. Patterson, Jr.

The recent action of a certain member of the Sophomore Class, in posting on a bulletin-board in the hall of Rogers, the names of certain of his classmates who had not at that time paid him for some text-books which he had procured for them, was, to say the least, hasty, as none of the men had received their books, nor even knew that he wished to be paid in advance. Such an action deserves severe condemnation.

The annual meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association was called at Young's Hotel, October 7th. Owing to the unexpectedness of the meeting, there was no quorum present. It was decided to have the next meeting Friday, December 9th. Delegates were present from Dartmouth, Williams, Yale, Tufts, Technology, and Boston University. Messrs. Warren, '88, and Finch, '90, represented THE TECH.

The Institute boys have shown up finely in the tennis tournaments of last summer. At the Wentworth, Hoppin, '88, Williston, Thurber, and May of '89, and Beals, '90 were entered, and all did well. Hoppin took first prize in both singles and doubles at the Narragansett Pier tournament, and also in the Aquidneck Club tournament, at Newport. Durfee, '89, and partner took second prize in doubles in the Aquidneck tournament, and first prize in the doubles at the Fall River tournament. Several Tech. boys were also in the recent Longwood tournament.

College Notes.

Yale has graduated 195 Smiths since 1709.

It costs \$23 to take laboratory chemistry at Princeton.

Harvard has received endowments amounting to \$3,000,000 in the past six months.

There is an illustrated article on foot-ball by Prof. Johnston, in the October *Century*.

One of the Faculty of a Spanish college was recently tarred and feathered by the students.

Senior tax was \$25 at Cornell, \$20 at Williams, \$18 at Lafayette, \$13 at Princeton, \$11 at Hamilton.

There are 368 Freshmen at Cornell, 267 at Harvard, 180 at Princeton, 56 at Troy Polytechnic.

W. B. Bock, of Hampden-Sidney College, Va., is said to be the youngest college professor in the country. He is twenty years old.

The Imperial University of Japan has recently established a chair of sanitary engineering, — said to be the only chair of the kind in existence.

It is reported that Harvard is making offers for the Massachusetts School of Technology, for the purpose of making it her own scientific school.— *Pennsylvanian*.

Page has beaten his own record in Philadelphia, by a jump of 6 feet 4 inches. Ray, the English champion, also broke the world record by vaulting 11 feet 4 inches.



CHARITY.

A student to his father sent
His third-term Freshman bill;
The statement of the money spent
A page or more did fill.
And as the pater cast his eye
O'er items great and small,
He chanced a little one to spy
Mixed in among them all.

'Twas this: "For charity I gave
Of dollars fifty-four."
At this the father's face was grave,
And looks of sorrow bore;
Till down he sat and wrote, wrote he,
With face suffused with grins,
'I greatly fear that 'charity'
Doth cover many sins." — *Lafayette*.

HE EXPECTED TOO MUCH.

Guest (vociferating): "Waiter! waiter! what's this dog-collar doing in this hash?"

Waiter (in indignant surprise): "Phat do yees expect to get for foifteen sints—a doimond necklace?"

"Patrick, you told me you needed the alcohol to clean the mirrors with, and here I find you drinking it!"

"Faix, ma'm, it's a drinkin' it and brathin' on the glass oim adoin'." — *Colby Echo*.

Visitor (in penitentiary): "What brought you to this place, my friend?"

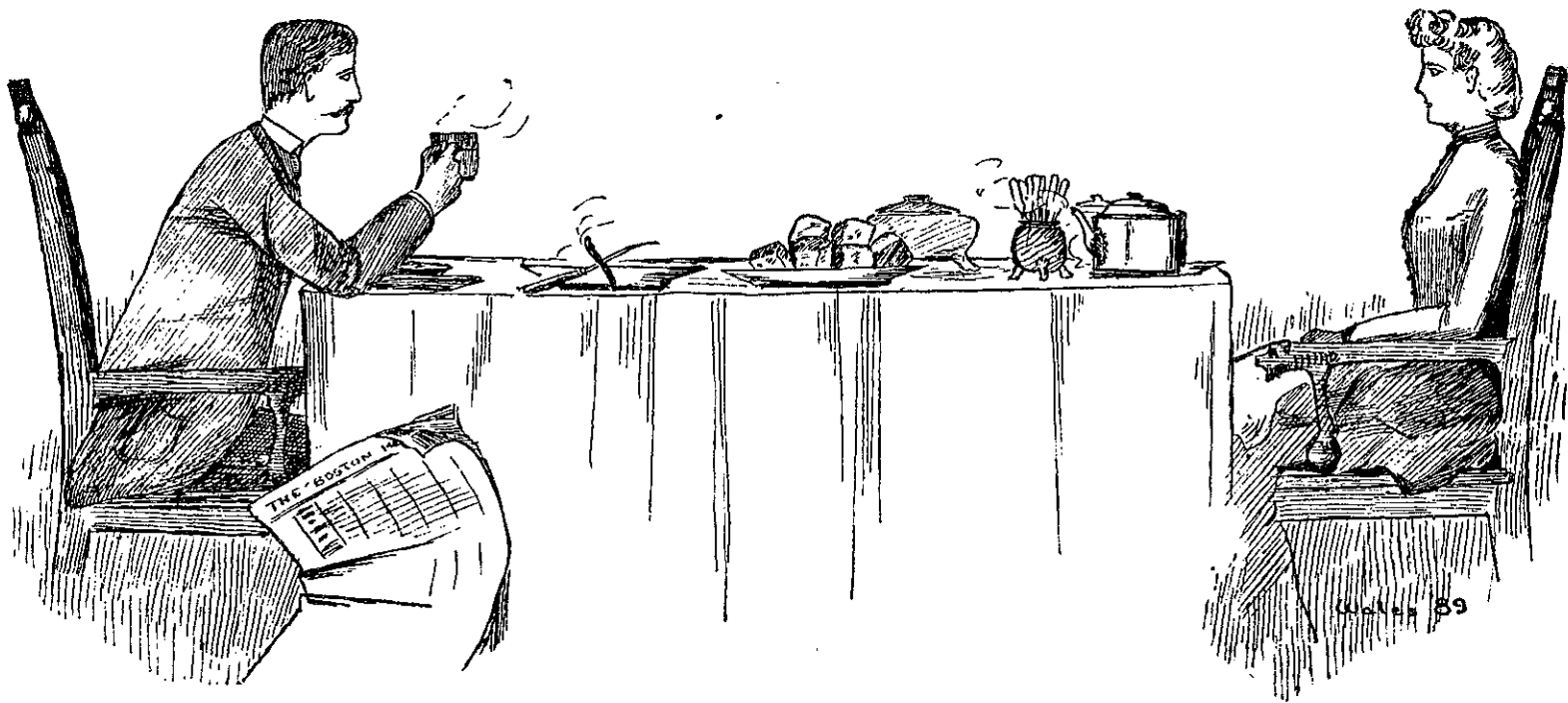
Convict: "Sneezing."

Visitor: "Sneezing?"

Convict: "Yis, sorr; it woke the gintleman up, an' he nabbed me. Have ye got a bit of tobaccy about ye, sorr?" — *Ex*.

Pat: "Phat is that ye're at, Biddy?"

Biddy: "Sure it's a bottle of hair-resthorer oim putting on me old muff." — *Colby Echo*.



She.— HAVE I MADE YOUR COFFEE RIGHT, DEAR?

He.— YES, LOVE— BUT I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO HAVE IT OWE ME MONEY.

She.— WHY NOT?

He.— BECAUSE I DON'T THINK IT WILL EVER SETTLE.

Put away the little criblets;
Don't destroy them, keep them all.
If you're flunked on any subject,
They may help you in the fall.

— *Columbia Spectacle.*

MISTAKEN.

But a moment ago, and those soft brown eyes,
With a flood of tenderness looked in mine.
Was I happy? Ah, yes; as you would be
Did ever those brown eyes look in thine.
But a moment, and now on another she smiles;
That tender glance is all for him.
She is fickle, you say. Why, no! don't you see,
I've handed her photograph over to Jim.

— *Williams Weekly.*

EXPERIENCE.

Some fellows like to write of getting left
Of girls who flirted, and then cast them by,—
Of when, love-lorn, they were of hope bereft;
But not so I.
Some fellows joke, in jovial sort of rhyme,
About their thoughts, in retrospective view
Of how they got left such and such a time,—
I seldom do.
The reason? If for reasons you will call,
Those men who treat such things as light as air,
Have never either loved or lost at all,
But I've been there.

— *Williams Weekly.*

A stopped-up geyser is an ex-spurt in its way.
— *Ex.*

A POEM IN BROWNINGESQUE.

Who, which, when the coming not mangled an apple,
But wildly she hissed, "Whoop-la, tra-la-loo!"
Augustus Ben Johnson the soup cannot foretell
Hell's damnable combobulation crushing,
Shrieks: Jack-pots-Alack-Ultimum-Esto — Farewell.

— *Williams Weekly.*

"Do you keep bees?" asked the summer
boarder of the housekeeper; "I do so love the
little things." "No, we don't keep bees. Guess
you must have heard pa gargling his throat in
the woodshed." — *Tid-bits.*

A compositor on a morning paper is supposed
to have died a violent death on Easter Monday.
The editor wrote, "Old Gifts in New Lights,"
and it appeared in print, "Old Girls in New
Tights." — *Truth.*

"Judge," said the saloon-keeper, who was up
on the charge of wife-beating, "they ain't got
no right to 'rest me for hitting my wife." "What's
the reason they haven't?" "Cos I've got a lick'er
license." Then he got the limit. — *Washington
Critic.*

"Speaking about the artist who painted fruit
so naturally that the birds came and pecked at
it," said the fat reporter, "I drew a hen that was
so true to life, that after the sage threw it into the
waste-basket it laid there." — *Peabody Reporter.*